

THE COURIER

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OBSERVATIONS.

The Tyranny of Tears.

Isabel Irving played an ungrateful, rasping part consistently. As Mrs. Parbury, who spent all her time either gushing or weeping, or accusing her husband of no longer loving her, Miss Irving succeeded in making herself as disagreeable and obnoxious as the ordinary stage villain. The ingenuous gallery would have hissed the villain, as it always does, only this villain was graceful, wore pretty gowns, and cried ad nauseam, and the gallery's heart was touched. The heart of the gallery is a composite of candy and starch, absorbent of much moisture, and hung on a hair trigger that any one can move. The owners of the heart have an individual one by day and as soon as they get on the streets after the show, but at night in the sickening atmosphere of cheap tobacco and unwashed bodies, the gallery's emotions can be proved by the cheapest actor. Apparently attached to the heart is a whistle and ruffianly fraternity yells. The yells gratify the undergraduate's taste for making himself conspicuous and comfort him for being temporarily out of sight. Education is supposed to be refining, and finally perhaps it is, but whenever the Lincoln public has an opportunity of seeing

the university students in an unofficial body, the influence of education seems to have been misrepresented. The best behaved young men in a Lincoln audience are the clerks, professional men, and young society men who are earning their own living. The mob in the gallery, two thirds of whom are university students, would put the town bullies of the border days to the blush.

The mob allowed Isabel Irving to weep, gush and exhibit her gowns without hissing or groaning and the illiterate part of the audience were grateful for her ability to propitiate the arrogant gallery.

Miss Irving's gowns fit her perfectly and the advance notices did not misrepresent their number. She exhibits them however too frankly. Like the elegant models in the windows of the dry goods stores she revolves too often. An actress of the first quality frequently overestimates the interest we take in her gowns. The moment she stands with her back to us for the obvious purpose of exhibiting the fit and the style, we lose interest in her and her gowns. The taste for a great variety and richness in gowns has been overstimulated. Occasionally an actress like Ada Rehan or Julia Marlowe, is able to make even the local audience, which is famous for its single devotion to dress, forget the clothes in reverence for an original intellect. After the first brilliant entrance of a pretty gown even the most interested are willing to be diverted by acting.

The type of woman Miss Irving so ably reproduced is not so common as it used to be. Tears played out fifty years ago. The heroines of Fielding, Smollet, Miss Austen and Miss Birney had only one weapon—tears, or occasionally another—fainting spells. The modern woman is game. If she must cry, she secludes herself. The modern wife respects her husband's working hours. So many club women are reporters, essayists, historians, critics and poets, that a sort of feminine comprehension of the exacting nature of literary production is an evidence of new-womanhood. The lawyer's, the doctor's the minister's the editor's wife realizes the strain of creation, the necessity of seclusion, the nerve and attention wracking effect of interruptions. The new woman does not (not if she is a real newwoman) begrudge her husband his old friends nor try to drive them away. She may have been educated in the Nebraska State university where she has observed a daily demonstration of the pleasure men take in the society of their own sex. Perhaps she has been a member of a fraternity herself and has learned the satisfaction of good fellowship. In contrast to the old fashioned girl, who had one sworn bosom friend she knows the joys of comradeship, she has learned after many disappointments that there are more virtues in a company than in one person. The new woman no longer

expects to take the place of the whole world to her husband and she can see beyond him a pleasant company of women in clubs, or sitting about a luncheon table or perchance a card table. For not seeking to monopolize him and absorb him, for having interests and a life of her own to live, she is the more interesting to her spouse who does not feel the tether or the chains of matrimony. The weeping, gushing woman of "The Tyranny of Tears" is gone. At any rate her type is as rare as the breezy, independent girl in the days of Evelina and Clarissa. Therefore the irritation of contemplating the selfish woman who rules by tears, was modified by the reflection that the type was extinct except on the stage or in literature. Of course there are isolated survivals of everything.

John Drew as the thoroughly subjugated husband was adequate and at the end when he asserted the traditional rights of his sex and the actual law of good sense he satisfied the audience which was tired of the spectacle of persecution. The company of seven people were excellent. Mr. Byron has the wooden expression, perfect repose, and infallible cynicism of Gillette.

The Law and the Student.

In comparison with undergraduate students of other states and other countries, Nebraska students of the State university are doubtless well behaved. But compared to young men who are taking care of themselves, they are not orderly or well behaved members of society. In England and Germany students take advantage of tradition. Turbulence, aggression, and lawlessness of all kinds began when colleges were first established. A timid police and a peasant's awe of learning have contributed in foreign college towns to submission on the part of the despised towns people, to all sorts of contumely and abuse from the students.

This is quite a different community. The university students who carouse and fire off pistols within the city limits, who paint silly signs on costly public buildings and churches are treated like other people who break the law. The arrogance of the idler among working people has begun to manifest itself in the State university. A student has the rights and privileges of any other citizen and no more. It makes a difference whose ox is gored. Merchants who have lost valuable signs, stolen by students in play, owners of buildings which have been daubed with an ineffaceable C or 97 are gratified that the Chief of police dared to do his duty on the sacred person of a student discharging a pistol within the city limits. On previous occasions when students have sought to express their joy by making hideous noises, or by painting symbols on buildings the police have not interfered. But Chief Hoagland knows his business and his duty

towards the property and safety of the citizens. Police Judge Comstock is also not easily diverted from delivering a sentence in accordance with the law as he understands it. He sentenced the disorderly student who fired the pistol in the celebration of last Saturday night, to pay ten dollars and costs. Mr. Pound was disgusted because the lawbreaker was a student and warned the Judge if students were arrested for breaking the city ordinances, it would very likely be the cause of serious trouble.

If the Chief of Police and the Police Judge should be afraid to do their duty to the students and the citizens of this young university and the new town, it would be the beginning of "serious trouble" in precedent.

Students of the Nebraska State University are no worse than students of other and older schools who have been petted and suffered by the adjacent or surrounding municipality until they have grown to consider smashing windows, painting buildings, stealing signs, and firing off guns their inalienable, unassailable privilege. But this is a young school and there is no better time than the present, and there are no better men than Judge Comstock and Chief Hoagland to teach these students that citizens have rights too.

That students eventually get over the demoralizing effects of the raids hitherto permitted the matriculates of the university is demonstrated by the number of orderly, intelligent men who have recovered from their degrees. Mr. Pound himself, who professes to be profoundly disgusted at Judge Comstock's profanation promises to develop into a good citizen in time.

We are just emerging through the grace of the Judge and the Chief from a state of undue respect for those who are supposed to be studying books and listening to lectures. Like spoiled children in a neighborhood which lacks the courage to appeal to the law the university students have been suffered to become a nuisance.

The New Telephone Company.

The Independent Telephone Company asks a franchise on the same terms as the company now in possession and making an estimated income of over fifty percent on its franchise for which it pays the city \$500.00 per annum. The present circulation of about a thousand phones in Lincoln would be multiplied by the entry of a new company charging cheaper rates. Unless the present rates were cut to correspond with the new rates, the new company would have all the Lincoln subscription. On the other hand, in consequence of the establishment of a competitive rate, two telephones will cost less than one and thousands of homes will be within speaking distance of the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick-maker at a monthly cost of less than car fare. The care-